"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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CURRENT NOTES.

MINGLED virtue and vice make a very uncertain twilight in the human soul.

PHILOSOPHY triumphs easily enough over past and future evils, but present evils triumph over philosophy.

MOST of the shadows that cross our path through life, are caused by our standing in our light.

WHEN our souls shall leave this dwelling, the glory of one fair and virtuous action is above all the escutcheons on our tomb or silken banners o'er us.

LOVE is its own perennial fount of strength. The strength of affection is a proof, not of the worthiness of the object, but of the largeness of the soul which loves.

TRUE glory consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and so living as to make the world happier and better for our living in it.

A TASTE for the beautiful does far more than minister to the gratification of the eye. It contributes to infuse serenity into the home circle, smoothes the asperities of life, and reconciles us to much in living and association which would otherwise be unbearable.

WHAT shall I teach my child? Teach him that it is better to starve than to steal; that it is better to be a scavenger than to be an idler and dead-beat; that it is just as criminal, and more reprehensible, to waste Monday than to desecrate Sunday; that it is the price of all honest possessions; that no one is exempt from the obligation to labour with head, or hands, or heart; that "an honest man is the noblest work of God;" that knowledge is power; that labour is worship and idleness is sin; that it is better to eat the crust of independent poverty than to luxuriate amidst the richest as a dependent. Teach him these facts until they are woven into his being and regulate his life, and we will insure his success though the heavens fall.

A PERSON will do more good in one month by correcting his own errors, than he will do in a year by finding out the failings of others; he will get more knowledge by studying his own heart, than by watching all the people by whom he is surrounded.

A POPULAR author says: "I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his health and faculties, going forth in a morning to work for his wife and children, or bringing them home his wages at night."

"THAT you may find success," said Charles Brooks, in an address to boys, "let me tell you how to proceed: To-night begin your great plan of life. You have but one life to live, and it is most important that you do not make a mistake. To-night begin carefully. Fix your eye on the fortieth year of your age, and then say to yourself: 'At the age of forty I will be a temperance man, I will be an industrious man, a benevolent man, a well-read man, a religious man, and a useful man. I will be such an one. I resolve, and I will stand to it.' My young friends, pray to God that this resolution may stand like the oak that cannot be wind-shaken."

THE following little incident at a chapel will be remembered when both text and sermon may be forgotten:—A five-year-old child left its seat, walked up to the pulpit and up the steps, and stood beside the pastor, who turned toward the lad, saying, "What do you want, my little man?" The child innocently replied, "A glass of water." The pastor poured out a glass of water, the child drank it and left the platform. The incident created considerable merriment among the audience, which the child in returning to his seat noticed, and thinking the people were amused at some mistake of his, he made a bow to the pastor, and said, "Thank you, sir," and went to his seat, satisfied that he had not committed an impropriety.

A JAPANESE PUZZLE.

Peace or War.

We had a visitor at our house the other night who raised quite an interesting discussion — a Mr. Sampson. When we were all quietly seated, Mr. Sampson, looking around upon the group, said to me, "I'm going to give you a Japanese puzzle." The puzzle was of a serious nature.

"My sister," said Mr. Sampson, "is a sea captain's wife, and goes to sea with her husband, and one time he was taken sick at a port in Japan, and they had to stop there quite a spell. Now, it happened that a returned Japanese, one that had been travelling in Europe, lived close by them, and he was always a tellin' his folks about our temples, and about the men and women here having to alter the patterns of their clothes every year, or else lose caste, and about our women bein' allowed so much freedom to come and go—all our ways seem so strange to a Japanese, you know.

"Among other things, he brought up our religion. It seems that one day an Englishwoman asked him to give up his religion and take hers. He asked the woman to describe hers. Upon that, he said, she opened her sacred book, and the sentiments she read were so beautiful he could listen for ever—all about peace, and love, and forgiveness, and humble-mindedness; and he told the woman he never heard anything so beautiful in all his life, and asked her why that religion went by the name of 'Christian.' She said 'twas because the sentiments he admired so much were taught by Christ. He asked her if that was the religion of the country. The woman said, 'Certainly. This is a Christian nation. So is almost every nation in Europe, and we are trying to convert the whole world to a belief in it.'

"The Japanese told his folks that the main reason why he was taken up with our religion was that it was fair and square agin' fightin', for he hated war, and was glad to find out that there were so many countries that never could go to war; but afterwards people told him that these very countries fought each other with all their might and strength. He said he wasn't surprised at their fightin', for 'twas human natur' for folks to want their rights, and to get all they can, and to like to be uppermost in a fight, and to crow over their neighbours; but the puzzlin' thing was why they called themselves Christians.

"And for my part," continued Mr. Sampson, "I've turned the matter over in my mind a good deal, as I've been riding about, and I've come to the conclusion that these countries have got to stop fightin' or else stop callin' themselves Christians, one of the two."

"What! never have any wars at all?" asked Mr. Elmer, a very young man.

"A nation ought to fight for its rights, at any rate," said Uncle John.

"And if a nation ought to fight for its own rights, certainly it ought to defend the rights of weaker nations," said Miss Fullerton, the school teacher.

"Why, when two nations get to loggerheads," said Uncle John earnestly, "and both stand upon honour, and nary one of 'em can't yield a single pint, there's nothing else to do but fight it."

"Uncle John," said I, "suppose you and Dr. Crosbie should get at loggerheads, would you two go and fight it out? Or, suppose this village and the next one had a dispute about boundary lines, would you all meet over there in the commons, and have a hand-to-hand fight?"

"As was the custom in the days that we read about?" said Emily, the doctor's wife.

"It is different with nations," said Uncle John. "They can't carry their disputes into court and have 'em settled by law."

"They could do this, if there was an international tribunal," said Dr. Crosbie. "And some of the best people of our times are working to bring about this very thing. The plan is to have a sort of congress, made up of representatives of different countries; also a high court of nations, and an international code of laws."

"You're all gettin' away from the pint," cried Mr. Sampson. "The

Japanese wasn't puzzled about the fightin' part. That was all clear enough and natural enough. The muddy place is right here: If the Christian religion is made pretty much entirely of peace and forgiveness, and lovin' kindness, what makes a fightin' country call itself Christian? When one regiment levels its revolvers at another regiment, I take it them revolvers ain't loaded with peace, love, and forgiveness!"

"In a sermon that I heard the other Sunday," said the doctor, "the preacher explained at a great length, that the object of Christianity was to produce harmony among men."

"Why, certainly," said I, "all will acknowledge that love and humility, forbearance, meekness, forgiveness of injuries, peace, and long-suffering, constitute the essence of Christianity. It is upon this very ground that Christians assert its superiority over all other religions."

At this point Mr. Sampson, who had been busy sorting out his numerous pamphlets, handed one to Dr. Crosbie, asking him to read the following passages, which he pointed out:—

"In the first two centuries of the Christian era these pacific principles, with few exceptions, prevailed in the Church. Celsus made it a ground of complaint that the Christians would not bear arms; and Origen, in his defence, admitted the fact, with no other apology than that they were Christians.

"'I cannot fight," said Maximilian to Dion, the conscripting officer.

"'You must, or die—the emperor requires it.'

"'I will die, then. I cannot fight. I am a Christian. Not a lisp of the Great Teacher favours a a war spirit.'"

"I have read somewhere," said Miss Florence, "that in the early days of the Church it used to be a sort of proverb among the Pagans, "See how these Christians love one another. Their Law-giver has persuaded them that they are all brethren.'"

"Is there a person in the room," asked Emily, "that is willing to give up what has always been claimed for Christianity?" No one spoke. "Then in our talk," she continued, "we start from this settled point—that peace on earth and good will among men are the fundamental principles of our religion; that we make this claim for it."

"That all Christendom makes this claim for it," cried Betty Prince. "But just look at Christendom, divided into hostile nations, all bristling with bayonets, and each arrayed against the other."

"A pagan in these days," said Miss Fullerton, "might say, more fittingly: 'See how these Christians hate one another! Their Law-giver has persuaded them they all are enemies!'"

"Here is something exactly to the point," said Dr. Crosbie, and he read as follows: "The horrors to be seen on the battlefield are not the worst. I have seen more fearful things. I have seen French mothers pressing their babes to their bosoms, and in tones that would make one shudder, say, 'Baby, hate the Prussians! Hate the Prussians!' Think of that innocent babe lifting its eye to that mother's face to catch there, not a bright smile of love, but a glare of hate; finding the mother transformed into a fiend!"

"Speaking of the horrors of the battlefield," said Mr. Sampson, handing me a two-leaved tract, "read that. Read slow, and speak every word plain."

I took the tract, and read this passage: "Scarcely any description can exaggerate the hatefulness of scenes enacted by 'Christian' combatants—the cold steel of ten thousand swords cleaving the quivering flesh and tender bodies of other Christian combatants; the frightful disemboweling of brave men and faithful horses by the irresistible cannon ball and jagged bayonet; the agonising rending asunder of bleeding limb and muscle by the bursting shell; the piercing of face and eyes by the bullet and shot; the fracture of limbs by trampling steed or gun-wheels; the protracted torture of the fallen and the dying; and for hosts of wounded, the amputation of the surgeon's knife, and the filth and disease of suddenly overcrowded hospitals."

"O! how dreadful all this is!" sighed Aunt Sarah, speaking from the very depths of her easy chair.

"Love and forgiveness, indeed!" cried Betty Prince.

"Yes," as a sect, we Christians are inconsistent," said Emily. "We foster sin of all kinds by the practice of war; while at the same time we are sending out missionaries to save heathen nations from sin, to extend among them a religion whose precepts we do not practice, and to ask them to accept a teacher whose teachings we ourselves do not obey."

"Inconsistency isn't a strong enough word," said Betty Prince; for people who believe in committing legalised murder on the battlefields, to be making collections all over the country, taking the mites of poor widows, and the pennies of little toddling Sunday-school children, to spread the Gospel of peace and love, has a touch of absurdity about it."

"Then don't you think it does any good to send out missionaries to convert people to Christianity?" asked my young cousin Ruth.

"Oh? yes," said Betty, "I was only holding up the absurdity of working and believing in opposite directions."

"That's it!" cried Mr. Sampson. "That's what puzzled the Japanese."

THE BEAUTY THAT GROWS.

Some excitement has been created, by the recent trial of Madame Rachel, about womanly beauty. There is no questioning some things we call beautiful, as for instance, a peacock's tail; but certainly this is a beauty without merit, and so is much of that which is called beautiful. A sensible woman early learns the truth, one of our writers well expresses, concerning herself. She sees the attentions paid to other women, the general deference and tenderness that they receive, as if their beauty was an affair of their own creation, for which they deserve consideration: she sees that, in some inscrutable way, every heart feels more warmly toward a beautiful woman than toward a plain one, and perhaps her own does too. It is a hard lesson that she has to learn, but she usually learns it well. Sometimes she effaces herself as so many others have effaced her; but sometimes, in that desire to please which is inherent with women, she unconsciously cultivates qualities which in the long run shall make her as dear as the beautiful. If her face is ugly and hopeless, she takes particular care of her figure; and if that is equally unfortunate, she takes particular care of her dress, is faultlessly neat and thoroughly lady-like, according to her best knowledge. Beyond that she endeavours to control the tones of her voice to gentle sweetness; she endeavours to make herself entertaining; she cultivates the germ of any talent which she suspects herself to be possessed of; she strives constantly to give others pleasure, looking after the comfort and ease of all about her, consulting their whims and their wishes, and if she does not prefer the happiness of almost every one to her own, she at least finds her happiness in theirs; she avoids disputes, composes quarrels, turns the conversation from dangerous themes, repairs the mistakes of others, makes herself as lovely in life and character as it is possible to her powers to be; and it comes to pass, at length, that the beauty might be missed out of the family and nobody would know it, while the ugly one's absence would make an aching void that nobody could fill. The lovely expression has come, the gentle benignity, the bright intelligence; and the face that twenty years ago we might have passed by with indifference, if not with repugnance, is now a charm by the fireside, while the faded beauty may be a mere incumbrance.

Not that by this we would disparage beauty as something for which we can hardly be sufficiently grateful when held either in our own person or in the person of one beloved, nor deny its possessors the possible possession also of every charm of character; we merely state some self-evident probabilities with regard to the exceedingly lovely; and when, in spite of petting, flattering, idolatry, and all indulgence, they exhibit the virtues of thoughtfulness, consideration, unselfishness, sweet temper, and self-forgetfulness, they acquire another and more precious beauty, and approach as nearly perfection as the human being can.

THE DYING BOY.

Of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

One bright winter's morning if you had stood where I stood and looked out of my window as I looked, you might have seen the rosiest, toughest, and smartest boy in all the town, as he trudged by on his way to school. And he whistled and laughed so happily, and seemed to defy old winter's cold so bravely, that he fairly made the morning brighter and pleasanter than it was before he came along.

The wind whisked the light, feathery snow up from the ground, and whirling it about him, filled his neck and eyes with the pure, white particles. But Johnny only laughed the happier and whistled the louder at each attack of the rough old wind, and delicate, feathery snow, and never minded it at all.

Everything went well with me all that day, simply because I had chanced to see how happy Johnny was in the early morning, and he taught me a lesson too that I thought I should not soon forget.

A week or two after I heard that Johnny was sick, and likely to die. The news cut me to the heart, for I had often thought of him, and had grown to watch for him as he went by every morning to school. To be sure, I had missed him for the past few days, and had wondered what had become of him, but it never entered my mind that he was dying, or even ill. Hastily preparing some delicacy, I went over to the house in which Johnny's mother lived. She was poor, and Johnny lay in a little trundle bed, drawn up as near the meagre fire as possible. The room was cold, and the wind howled and shrieked about the gables, and flirted the snow into the cracks about the window frame and door, just as if Johnny's old friends and companions, at whom he used to laugh and shout so merrily, knew he was ill, and wanted to get to him once more, out of pure sympathy.

As I went in Johnny turned his eyes towards the door with such a mute resignation as I had never seen in a human creature's eyes before. Poor little Johnny! His face so pinched and wan, but filled with a quiet content and shadowy trust that was beautiful to me, because I was very sure that I needed the example of such a spirit of trust and perfect faith. If Johnny, all untaught, ignorant of God's goodness, and God's promises, could be so content and peaceful, and full of trust in that of which he knew so little, surely I ought to be peaceful and happy, knowing as I do so much of life and its purposes. The mother, fearful for the life of her boy, yet in her poor way satisfied with whatever blow might come to her, sat by his side, and arose as I entered. The air of the room was still and yet subtile, and filled with the presence other than that of us three. The spirit of death, come to claim his own, hovered above the low couch of the dying boy! Johnny knew it; he *felt* it, he saw it in the dying embers of the fire; he saw it in his mother's face —and I am sure he must have felt the pity expressed in my heart as I laid my hand on his fevered brow. He was failing fast. I could see that. The pearly gates were opening wide, and Johnny was nearly ready to enter in. The mother's tears could not hold back her boy—the dread presence in the room was there, and no tears, even though wrung from her heart of hearts, could turn it away. And so in a little while the cry that went up from the mother's heart as she knelt by the couch of her dead boy, tore apart the hushed listening air, and beat itself out against the bare walls and ceiling, and ere its echo was done, the wind, breathing softer, and tossing the snow more tenderly now that Johnny had gone, seemed to ask, as it sighed about the gables of the roof, and rattled the latch of the crazy old door, "of such is the kingdom of heaven?" and died away and waited for an answer. And there came an answering echo, as though Johnny's soul had turned in its flight for one instant, and sent back a loving message, "of such *is* the kingdom of heaven!"

And the listening wind heard it, and seemed to grow longer and louder, and it whistled and shrieked down the chimney, and flirted the dead ashes of

the fire out upon the dress and bowed head of the weeping, trembling mother, and some fell on the sweet upturned face of the dead boy, and away skirred the wind, whispering to the snow, and to the sighing, leafless branches of the trees, "Of *such* is the kingdom of Heaven!"

And the mother! Think you that she has nothing to cling to in this hour of her trouble? Is there nothing to bid her heart rejoice? Yes, she hears through the stillness of that cold, cheerless room, from which all the light—all the heat departed with the soul of her boy—she hears, as I heard it then, and hear it now, the music of a new world welcoming another bright angel. She hears the glorious message come pealing back again, and growing stronger and louder as it sweeps on its gladsome way.—"*Of such is the kingdom of Heaven!*"

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Live for something, be not idle—
Look about thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming;—
Labour is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay;
Life for thee hath many duties—
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway!
Gentle words and cheering smiles
Better are than gold and silver,
With their grief-dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts that are oppressed and weary,
Drop the tear of sympathy;
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Give, and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning
From this perfect fountain-head.
Freely as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

Never give way to sadness. Put on your hat, and go and visit the poor and sick in your neighbourhood. Seek out the desolate and distressed; inquire into their wants, and sympathise with and minister to them. I have often tried it, and have always found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.

THE WANT OF SYMPATHY.

A Sad Result.

Outside the door of a small middle-class house in the suburbs of London, stood, one afternoon about three o'clock, a poorly but neatly clad girl of about sixteen years. A glance at her face would be sufficient for any one to see that she was in some distress of mind, for it was with difficulty that she restrained the tears which rose to her eyes, and her whole manner showed great agitation. While she is waiting for admittance we will acquaint ourselves with the owner of the house. Miss Martin (for that was her name) was a lady somewhat advanced in years, well-meaning, but not very warm-hearted, and of harsh and unattractive manners. She employed her time in taking a large share in the various agencies connected with the church she attended. She was the secretary of a small day-school under Government inspection, and in this work she took special interest. She worked hard for its success in many ways, and was much displeased if any of her friends were luke-warm about it. The school had lately suffered from change of teachers, and was now only just beginning to recover. Miss Martin had been there in the morning of this day and lectured the staff of teachers upon the necessity of strict attendance to their duties; and addressing herself especially to the pupil-teacher and monitress, she hoped, she said, she should hear no more of their staying away for trivial reasons, which she was sorry to say they were only too much in the habit of doing. The girls looked rather conscience-stricken at these words, which they knew were not altogether untrue, and Susan Long, the pupil-teacher, resolved that not even anxiety about her sick mother should take her away from her work.

Now to return to the girl whom we left standing on the doorstep, she is this Susan Long, pupil teacher at B—— School. The door is opened and the servant shows her into a room, telling her that Miss Martin will come in a few minutes. The minutes seem very long to Susan, but at length Miss Martin

enters the room, and her first words on seeing who the visitor is, are, "Well, Susan, what brings you here at this time of the day? Three o'clock! Why are you not at school?" and without waiting for an answer to her question, or seeming to notice the distress on the girl's face, she began a severe reproof, and lamented that what she had said in the morning at school should have had so little effect.

Susan stood with flushed cheeks and painfully beating heart, and tried once and again to speak, but in vain; then hastily taking a letter out from her pocket, she held it out to the lady, saying with a great effort, "Please, Miss Martin, read it, it's from my father; my mother"—she stopped and could say no more. Miss Martin coldly took the letter, read it, folded it up, handed it back to the girl all in silence, then in answer to her questioning gaze, she said, "Of course, I am sorry your mother is unwell, but it is only what was to be expected; the baby's death at a week old must have upset her, but she will soon get over it. Why you should come in the middle of school hours to tell me this, I don't quite see!"

During this speech Susan had partly recovered her composure. The words of Miss Martin sounded to her very harsh and unsympathising, her spirit was roused, and she answered with some vehemence in her tone, "I couldn't wait, mistress said I might come to you, she was sure you would let me go home at once by the train which leaves at four o'clock; mother is *very* ill (here her voice sank); father never makes things out worse than they are, and he writes I must come home at once."

"Indeed," said Miss Martin, more coldly than before; "you cannot go; your mother has been sick ever since you came to the school; it is nothing unusual, in a day or two she will be better again; to-morrow is Friday, and you can leave at once when school is over if you choose, and return early on Monday morning. Now, don't say anything more about it (as Susan attempted to speak); I cannot allow the nervous fancies of your mother to take you from the work for which you are paid, and which it is your duty to do,"

We will now pass over the time till Friday evening, when Susan is in the train on the way to her home, some twelve miles from London. Her anxiety may be easily imagined. How slowly the time had passed since her interview with Miss Martin! How completely had her fears for her mother absorbed her thoughts! The short journey, too, seemed never ending; how she wished the train would not stop at every station! At last her destination was reached, she sprang out on to the platform, hastily looking round for some of her young brothers and sisters, but no one was there; they had come the day before to meet various trains, and she had not come; now they were at home waiting her arrival. A wearisome walk brought her to the door. How still everything seemed! She knocked gently, the door was quickly opened, her father's face appeared behind it; his face, but how changed, and how strangely his words sounded! "You, Susan, at last. Why did you not come before? Now"—he could not finish. A look of terror came over the girl's face, and, "Well father," she stammered. "Now," he said, "it is too late, your mother died this morning."

Alas! it was only too true; the mother had died calling for Susan, to entrust to her care the little ones, and charge her to be a mother to them.

It was as Susan had said; her father never made things out worse than they were, and in this case, for fear of frightening Susan, had not written the verdict of the doctor, that her mother's hours were numbered.

The shock to Susan was very great; a severe illness followed, and it was months before she was able to take charge of the house and children. And Miss Martin, how did the news affect her? Did she repent of her hardness? Indeed she did; she was not a bad woman by any means, but her want of sympathy with the affairs of other people, her absorbing interest in her own, had in this case made her unfeeling and unjust, and bitterly she repented of it.

A.

HONOUR THY MOTHER.

YOUNG man or woman, stop a moment, and tell us about your mother. How do you treat her? Do you sneer at her teaching, call her "the old woman," and think it beneath your manly dignity to be kind and gentlemanly towards your mother? Do you disregard, as much as possible, her kind and wise counsel and say by your actions, if no other way, what does a woman know about business? Or do you universally offer her that respect which is due to every lady, but tenfold more to your mother?

It is an honour to any man or woman, young or old, who has a good mother (as we hope every one has who has a mother at all), to consult her about his business, and make her his friend and confident as far as he may confide his affairs to any one.

Of the many we have seen pursue this course, we know of none who were not an honour to society, and respected by all who knew them. On a certain fashionable promenade the most elegant and really happy looking couple was a gentleman, a real live gentleman too, he was, no "*pinchbeck*" *there*, I promise you, with his mother upon his arm.

To no other in that gay throng was his smile more pleasant, or his manners more deferential than to the happy looking woman beside him, who scarce seemed older than her noble son.

She had carried into mature life the fresh and jubilant heart of youth, and although nearly a half century had passed over her path in life, her smile was bright and sunny, and her step as elastic as his own. What was the secret? Her son and daughter honoured and loved her, and were her companions and friends, and of the few and hardly perceptible threads of silver in her abundant tresses, not one was placed there by a harsh or unloving word from them, hence her apparent youthfulness and perfect happiness.

Young people, do you realise that throughout your whole life, no heart will ever give you the unselfish love that your mother has bestowed on you; that no love will ever be so pure and true as that of the mother who has watched over you from your earliest years, and who has been so tender and loving a friend since you were grown to manhood.

If you realise this as every true man should, you will never grieve her by a harsh word or a sour look.

It will be an anchor to your hopes of future usefulness in life and your sure reward. It will be a pleasure beside which all others shall seem insignificant, if after she shall have gone to her reward, you can feel that you did all in your power to make her happy, and that when sickness came, you lovingly ministered to her wants. All other friends *may* be duplicated, but we can have but *one mother;* then let us cherish her in life, and in future years her memory will be sweet to us.

A BILLION.

IT is an easy thing for a preacher or any other person to say that the lost will remain lost for millions of millions of ages. But did the preacher ever realise what a *billion* is—that is, a million of millions? A writer in the *Times*, Mr. H. Bessemer, puts down the following for the benefit of those who think they know what "a billion" means. We know how long a second is; how long would a billion seconds be? He answers, 31,687 years, 17 days, 22 hours, 45 minutes, and 5 seconds. Or pile up gold coins—sovereigns—one on another, flat-wise, till you make a column 20ft. high; set close to it another such column, then another, and so on till you have built a wall of gold. Imagine two such walls parallel to each other, forming the boundaries of a long street. How long can you make this walled street, by using a billion of coins? He answers 2386 miles! Or lay the coins closely side by side on the ground, and they would form a band of gold 52½ft. wide clear round the globe. Allowing 333 sheets of paper to the inch, how thick a book would a billion sheets make? The library alcoves would need some enlargement to make room for it, for it would rise to the height of 47,348 miles!

SINCERITY.

SINCERITY is a quality held in general estimation and professedly practised by all, but a great many people seem to have rather loose ideas about it notwithstanding. How many people are there who have never practised that species of deception popularly known as "polite fibbing?" How many are there who never give promises to which they attach no meaning, and then forget all about them, such as telling a friend they will write him a letter, or a child that they will take him for a walk?

A great deal of insincerity is practised for the sake of interest or reputation, and a great deal more from the desire to give pleasure, or to avoid giving pain. This last motive, it may be said, is not a bad one, and the deceptions carried on for such ends are generally trifling; still, they do harm as far as they go, and must have the effect of blunting a man's sense of the importance of truthfulness. Besides, when such small insincerities are practised wholesale, and only because it is what he is expected to say or do, they share the fate of other deceptions, and no one believes them. So, since it serves no purpose, it would be as well if pretence were less the fashion.

There are not many, it may be presumed, who try to ascertain before uttering some common-place polite phrases whether they really mean them; yet if they do not feel what they profess, what is it better than insincerity? In the present state of society, a man who would not defraud another of a farthing, thinks nothing of telling him half a dozen "polite fibs" rather than let him know something which will not please him. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it is better for a man to be told the truth than not, even in trifles. If it is despicable to flatter a man for interest, or to deceive him in any way, it is, to say the least of it, foolish to do so for the sake of affording him pleasure, and conventionality, courtesy, kindness, if you will, should be made subservient to truth and honour.

But frankness and sincerity are by no means irreconcileable with all due regard to the feelings of others, and truth need not be made offensive. Anyone may have many thoughts which he does not tell to other people, and disagreeable truths are not to be spoken except when necessary, which always means when it is right. Ostentatious frankness is not gentlemanly, and no one has a right to say all sorts of distasteful things to others on the pretence of being more truthful than they.

The reasons why sincerity is so important are sufficiently obvious. Nobody could possibly ascertain all that he needs to know for himself; he must, therefore, depend on the integrity of his fellows for correct information. If truthfulness were not the rule, and deceit the exception, the confusion into which all society would be thrown may be imagined, and it is, at all events, mean to take advantage of other men's sincerity to impose untruth upon them.

It is obvious that it is the extent of deception and the intent to deceive which constitute falsehood, rather than the actual use of certain words, and equivocation is often more disastrous in its consequences than direct falsehood; an implied untruth more dangerous in its effects than one which is actual. The deceiver, if attacked, can then always say, "I meant this and not that," utterly ignoring the fact that he meant others to believe something else. This kind of deception is more popular than the more outspoken species, especially among so-called gentlemen. It is safer, for nobody can ever produce proof that he intended to deceive. "No doubt a mistake, a misapprehension," and so the matter is allowed to rest. There is also a rather common idea that as long as one does not say the word which is not true the real deception is almost harmless, and may be made a matter of expediency. This is a very fatal error, for this safe and genteel way of deceiving a man is worse, if anything, than the other, as it is more dangerous.

The long acting of an insincere part, is, it is scarcely necessary to say, worse than either. A truthful man might under some circumstances tell a lie direct, but he could not act a part for any length of time. A sincere man

might break his word, but he could not be habitually unfaithful to the trust committed to him.

In breaking trifling promises, the fact generally is that he who made that appointment with you to take a row on the river, or a walk into the country, and mortally offended you by failing to keep his word, fully intended at the time that he gave the promise to keep it. The reason of his failure probably was that he thought the matter of very little consequence, and so did not think enough about it at the time to insure its recollection afterwards. Or else he did not take the trouble to consider whether anything might happen to prevent him from doing as he had agreed, and then found himself detained by "circumstances over which he had no control." When a man thinks of his promise he will generally keep it.

Every one should be accurate in small things, in order to be able to give the right colouring to facts, and separate any prejudices or presumptions of his own from his relations of events. If people were more careful to speak the exact truth, personal conversation might be indulged in with more safety, but spreading abroad our speculations as to the character and actions of our neighbours is dangerous work.

One man has no right to deceive another for his good, even if he could insure that no harm should result from such a step, for he has no business to deprive his neighbour of the personal responsibility which has been entrusted to him; all must know and act for themselves. And no one ever can make sure that deceit will not do harm, however well intentioned. "Right's right, and settles itself, wrong never does," was the saying of a certain upright woman, and there is truth and wisdom in it.

It does not appear that "plain speakers" are generally regarded with much aversion. People usually find out very soon that "it is their way," and when a man is once allowed by all to have a "way," he may do pretty much what he likes without danger of offending.

The strictest honour is the first essential in the character of a gentleman, and he loses that position by descending to anything mean.

"The king that swerveth from his word,
Hath stained his purple black."

Whether deception may ever be allowable under extraordinary circumstances, has been a subject of discussion, but at all events such cases must very seldom occur. It will be found that the instances are very rare in which falsehood is excusable, and many men might never be in such a situation through life. For all ordinary matters at least, sincerity is the best, and indeed the only safe course to pursue.

The Red Cross Knight, who appears in the "Fairy Queen," appears to have placed truthfulness among his chief virtues:

"Right faithful, true he was in deed and word."

And then comes the cause—

"Nothing did he dread."

It is fear in a great measure, fear of the world's opinion, or of the world's power, which prompts men to hypocrisy. Those who with the good knight dread nothing, are generally free from this vice at least. There are some, however, who fear not for themselves, but for those who depend on them. A father cannot see his children starve before his eyes, so lest he should lose his means of support, he continues to teach what he cannot believe, or to practise what he cannot approve, and becomes a hypocrite for their sake. There can be few situations more trying to a man of a naturally frank temper, yet it is one in which men have often been placed. Nevertheless, happy is he who can "dare to be a Daniel."

E. B. K.

TREATING A TEXT.—Rev. Rowland Hill was an eccentric genius. He is said to have taken a text on one occasion, and to divide his subject as follows: "First, I shall go into the subject; Second, I shall go over the subject; Third, I shall go round about the subject; and Lastly, I shall leave the subject altogether." With one exception, many ministers of to-day do just about as is described above. The only difference is, they fail to "go *into* the subject."

BATTLE OF THE CHURCHES.

By A. T. Worden.

"That's the village," said the driver,
"Where you see those steeples three
On the hill beyond the river,
Side by side in rivalry.
Three nice Churches, in and out, sir,
As you'd ever wish to see;
Each has got a nice tall steeple,
And a bell on all the three."

"Ah," said I, in some amazement,
"Quite a village this must be;
Such a Church must cost some money,
But this village here has three."
But the driver, with a chuckle,
Said there was no village there—
Just a dozen modest houses
On the hillside bleak and bare.

"Whence these Churches then, my driver,
With their spires so tall and white?
Whence this flood of architecture
With no village here in sight?
Whence the capital stupendous
Thus to build in very sport?
Whence the rivalry tremendous?
Let me hear the sad report."

Then the driver winked so slyly,
Gave his mouth a cunning twist,
Saying, "Sometimes don't the devil
Head a Church subscription list?
When you cannot raise a shilling
For a preacher starved and poor,
You can easy raise a hundred
Just to spite the Church next door.

"First there was but one Church here, sir,
Presbyterian, the 'Old School,'
Scotch folks mostly, town of Galway,
And they worked by strictest rule,
With their faces long and pious,
Mostly talkin' through their nose;
But the young folks they gets looser,
And for fun and fashion goes.

"Well, they got to introducin'
Kinder jerky tunes and hymns
Stead of psalms, which the old people
Thought the wickedest of whims.
Then the young folks got a preacher
Who had long and curly hair,
And forgot the invocation
And shot off a made up-prayer.

"And he didn't wear no choker,
And he let his whiskers grow,
And at last he went a-courtin'
Of the Deacon's daughter, Flo';
Well, you bet the Old School fellers
Called a meetin' right away,
And they started a subscription
For another Church same day.

"Yes, you see there stands a third Church,
Congregational its name,
Sort of third-rate Presbyterian,
With the name but not the game;
This grew out of choosin' sides, sir,
When the other Churches split;
When they come to swap opinions,
Why, they made the doubters git.

"There they stand, all in a row, sir,
Empty, grand, and cold, and bare;
You could put the village in 'em
And have lots of room to spare.
Have they preaching? Bless your soul, sir;
Preachers dread 'em like the plague:
They would starve a joss-house keeper,
And freeze off a wooden leg."

. . . . . .

Thus my driver, last December,
Told this simple tale to me,
And his vision I remember,
As he winked in wicked glee;
But I could not feel like laughing,
Neither chide nor harshly blame,
Tho' he seemed a son of Noah
Showing up a father's shame.

But I gazed up through the moonlight
At the Church-spires white and tall,
Each a monument of passion,
Not a beacon-light for all;
But their shadows intermingled
On the graveyard's frozen sod,
Making one long, pointing finger
To one ever-loving God.

American Paper.

HOPE.

Hope is the natural product of Faith. It "springs triumphant with exulting wings;" it mounts to the heaven of heavens and aims to dwell close by the eternal throne. There is nothing denied to its aspirations, all is redolent with its own imaginings and eager anticipations. It is one of the most distinguished attributes of our rational nature; and though it is true that often, very often, it is based insecurely and ends in delusion, still it is rarely, scarcely ever, totally abandoned in any mind, or under any of the most adverse circumstances. Be the outward condition what it may, be the prospect either for the present or the future ever so uncertain or so forlorn, be the clouds so thick that no ray of comfort can for the time pierce them; nay, be it midnight with the soul, with a palpable darkness as that which enveloped the land of Egypt, yet hope will not entirely forsake if there be also faith, though no more than a grain of mustard seed, *that* will nourish, sustain, com-

fort, *that* will be as the small, still voice speaking in soft and gentle tones that the issue must be well. And the voice comes from the Father. He it is who thus comforts, thus animates his child. In worldly afflictions, those which are common to all men, and which in different ways all must expect to suffer, there is usually at hand something which tends to smooth the most rugged path, and to brighten the dreariest view. Hope of a better, a happier portion in the end, if not now in possession, hope which urges to yet toil, to yet bear, to endure to the last; and whilst it may be true that some thus labour to the very close without having materially benefited their earthly condition, have from youth to age worked early and late, and ate the bread of carefulness throughout, and yet have earned at length only the bitter experience that they have followed a sound, pursued a dream, and found no profit of all their labour, still they have not in the whole of their career lost hope, and hope is yet theirs for futurity, that which is endless. There remains, as they feel assured, a rest for the people of God, where there shall be no more disappointment nor trouble, where the weary will find eternal repose, where sorrow and sighing shall be done away for ever. They long for this as the hireling for the shades of evening, when he shall again go to his home. So in the dungeon, rays of light stream through the bars of the poor captive's cell, and cheer his solitary hours, making his imprisonment at least endurable. Hope is also in his dreams, or rather, for the time thus occupied, hope becomes reality, as he is transported to the land of his birth, to the fields trodden by his childish feet, to the village, the home of his earliest recollections. He wakes to feel the sad reverse of all this, yet hope does not, even now, desert him. He must be free at length, and hope is the anchor of his soul, sure and steadfast. "Hope," as it has been properly said, "is in itself a kind of happiness," it gives future to the taste. The poet of Hope thus beautifully apostrophises it:—

Eternal hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of time;
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade—
When all the sister planets have decay'd;
When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile.

But hope is, with the believer, an actuating principle. He has it not only for himself as relating to God and Christ and immortality, but for God's great family, for the brethren, for the whole human race. Gospel faith elevates and sanctifies hope. The Christian never despairs, he does not readily despond. He has hope in the promises, and though there may be many occasions of sorrow, he will not be overwhelmed. Out of the very depths will he cry, and that not selfishly, but for others as for himself. He will hope and labour for the cause of truth and righteousness. He will not believe that the Father of all the families of the earth, in whom all live, and to whom all tend, can design the destruction of any of his offspring. So for them, for the ignorant and out of the way, for the forlorn and destitute, nay, for the sinful, the wilful and persevering transgressors even he will watch, he will try to reform, he will wrestle in prayer, he will hope to the end. Just as the large-hearted patriarch interceded for the guilty men of the plain, hoped that fifty, twenty, ten might be found righteous out of that vast multitude to be spared for their sakes; the Christian will, like Abraham, and on surer grounds than those possessed by Abraham, hope for the best, think for the best, work for the best concerning those around, that they may be saved as well as he. And, again, he will have trust in the promises that the magnificent predictions of the Hebrew seers will be fulfilled to the fullest extent, that the earth will become the garden of the Lord, none threatening, none molesting, none destroying; that wars will cease, that the evil work of envy and strife will be for ever at an end, that there will be an end of all

bitter sectarianism and casting out of communion, and that the whole house of God's children will be filled with the sweet odour of the ointment of love, He, the great parent, being all and in all. This is animating and inspiring. Whilst it remains a great truth that God is all-powerful, all-wise, all-good, there is a foundation for cheerful hope, for confidence and joy. This hope will come to the soul's assistance in doubt, in difficulty, amidst storms and tempests, when deep calls unto deep, and the billows roll over the head. "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the help of my countenance and my God."

A KIND DEED REWARDED.

He had been telling how kindly deeds often returned with blessings to those who had sent them forth, and told the following story by way of illustration :—

A little boy about going on a sea voyage, desired to take his pet kitten with him. At first his parents refused, but when they saw how much it would please him, they finally consented. So the kitten went to sea with her young master. The ship sailed out grandly, but was wrecked off the coast of Azore Islands. The lifeboats were put out, and the men were going to help the boy into a boat, when, quick as a flash, he thought of his kitten down in the cabin. He could not leave kitty to be drowned, and away he went to bring her. But before he returned, the boat was filled and gone. There was only one more boat, but in that they made room for the kind boy and the kitten.

But a lifeboat was not safe by that rocky shore, and all were lost except that last boat. And I am quite sure the boy after that must have thought more than ever of his kitten; for if he had left her in the cabin to drown, and had gone in the other boat, he too would have been drowned. In trying to save the kitten he himself had been saved. This story reminds me of a rhyme,—

"Kind words and deeds are little seeds,
That every one may sow,
And always bring some rich blessing
Wherever they may go."

LIFE AMONG THE TURKS.

By Mrs. W. A. Benton.

THE SACRED CATS.

Where do those cats come from? What shall we do with them? They come down from the housetop, and will take the meat out of the kettle when it is boiling over the *oujak* in the kitchen. We must contrive a way to poison some of them; they are regular thieves.

"You touch one of those cats," said Im Yusif, holding up her hands in horror, and jingling all her chains and pendants of silver and gold and brass which hung from her hair, neck and arms, "You touch one of those cats and it'll be death to all of us, that's sure truth, that. Don't you know they are from the Mosque? They are some of the sacred cats, and they don't need to steal, they are kept upon the fat of the sheep, but it's the nature of cats to steal, if they *are* holy."

"Im Yusif, what do you mean by holy cats?"

"Mean by holy cats? Why, the cats that live in the Mosque—there are as many as a hundred of them; they are kept in that Mosque with that tall minaret, one of the finest Mosques in the city. Don't you hear the call to prayer every morning? It is but a short walk from here, not longer than it takes to smoke a cigarette. Would you like to go and see them?"

"Will they allow us to go in and see them?"

Im Yusif laughed at the very idea. "Let *us* go in! no, indeed! No Christian has ever crossed that door-step, but we can look through the window near the door and see the cats and the dervises."

"Well, I wish to go, and we will go this afternoon."

At the time appointed Im Yusif donned her white *Ezaar*, which looked for all the world more like a winding sheet than anything else, and telling me that I must wear an *Ezaar*, or I could not go to the Mosque, and that she would carry little Willie on her shoulder, so he would take a "smell of air" at the same time.

How strange these streets do seem. Not a carriage or vehicle of any kind,

but camels, horses, mules and donkeys jostling their loads against each other, while men in their long cloaks of scarlet or blue, or purple, and the ghost-like women enveloped in the great white sheets, dart in and out amongst the loaded animals, as they thread their way along the narrow, dirty street. Every now and then a dead dog, or the carcase of a donkey, is to be got over or got around in some way, while crowds of beggars in rags almost prevent your making the least headway.

The shrill cry of the water pedlar, "Arteat Allah, Arteat Allah, moi heller"—the gift of God, sweet water—those muleskin sacks filled with muddy water from the river you would not think very *sweet* water, but it is the best we can get in Aleppo. Here we are at the Mosque of sacred cats; the performance is just at its height. Here are the dancing and the howling and the whirling dervises, and their howls and yells you would think enough to frighten any Christian cat out of her wits; but on satin cushions, all curled up, recline those holy Turkish cats, not the least disturbed by all the howls and tumbles-down of the holy dervises.

In the midst of all the din and yell, and resounding far above it all, from more than three hundred minarets, you hear the call to prayer—it is the arsa, about three o'clock. All the shop-keepers, all the men of all trades and professions, stop everything, wash their hands, and lay down their little *rug* towards Mecca, and say their prayers silently to Allah, kneeling in a great variety of positions. The Turkish women do not pray; they are not regarded as responsible beings, or as having souls, any more than these cats.

THE GULF STREAM.

The vast difference in temperature in the British Isles, at different periods, is generally ascribed to the Gulf Stream. The following is the most interesting account we have ever met with of this ocean current. "The Gulf Stream is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest flood it never overflows. Its banks and the bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic seas. There is in the world no other so majestic a flow of water. Its current is more swift than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than one thousand times greater. Its waters, so far as the Carolina coasts, are of indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked that the common sea water can be traced with the eye. Often one half the vessel may be perceived floating in the Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and the want of affinity between these waters; and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common waters of the sea. In addition to this there is another peculiar fact. The fishermen on the coast of Norway are supplied with wood from the tropics by the Gulf Stream. Think of the Arctic fishermen burning upon their hearths palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious woods of the Amazon and the Orinoco."

WILLIE BACH.*

A little brown and curly head,
With dark and laughing eyes,
That look upon a stranger's face
With wondering surprise,

A little fat and rounded arm,
A tiny dimpled hand,
That reaches every unknown thing
He does not understand.

A little sweet and babbling voice,
A coo of fond delight,
A smile of joyful welcome, when
His mother comes in sight.

When is he dearest, Willie bach?
When do I love him best?
Awake, and full of life and fun?
Or laid down to his rest.

With rosy cheek and soft-drawn breath,
He sleeps the holy sleep
Of purity and innocence,
So restful and so deep.

So pure, and fair, and beautiful!
He lifts the soul above
The things of earth, and brings us near
Unto th' Eternal love.

M. R.

* Welsh for "Little Willie."

OUTDONE BY A BOY.

A LAD, rather small for his years, worked in an office as errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him :—

"You never will amount to much—you never can do much business; you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them.

"Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do."

"Ah, what is that?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"*I can keep from swearing!*" said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.

MY MISTAKE.

CONVINCED I had a calling to pursue,
Besides the formal resting on a creed;
I set about a noble work to do,
To raise the fallen and supply their need.
But Oh! it was no easy task to me
To make that calling with my taste agree.

I went some distance to a neighbouring town,
To seek the needy and afflicted there,
But my enthusiasm soon cooled down,
And I returned in sadness and despair;
They looked suspiciously on my demands,
Or else the work was done by better hands.

I travelled further with the hope to find
Some darkness, where the light of truth might shine,
Some brother's broken heart that I might bind,
Some soil wherein to plant a seed divine;
But there was no such darkness, heart, or spot,
That someone's charity had brightened not.

Resolved to push my purpose further still,
I travelled far and wide, but all in vain;
Till strangers took advantage of my will,
And imposition drove me home again.
My disappointment now was truly great,
Not being known, my words had little weight.

Alas! thought I, there is no work for me,
Or God would surely show me where it is;
I wonder if I were to cross the sea,
I'd find a spot, more needing help than this.
A missionary I must now become,
For I can find no work to do at home.

Returning home, endeavouring to disguise
The sense of failure weighing on my mind,
I was arrested with the plaintive cries
Of one—a neighbour of the poorer kind,
"Oh! Sir, come with me," said the frightened lad,
"Poor mother has, at last, gone raving mad.

I followed, half reluctantly at first,
For feeling so abashed where I was known;
The youngster cried as though his heart would burst,
And mine was far from fearless, I must own.
And then he said (and said it wisely too)
His mother would be quiet with those she knew.

I knew the lad, and where he lived quite well,
And condemnation smote my troubled mind
To hear the tale of woe he had to tell—
Their utter lack of help of any kind!
But when we reached the house, the neighbours said
"You've come too late, sir; for the woman's dead!"

"You did not know, but had you sought her out
A week or two ago, and helped her then,
Her life might have been spared, we cannot doubt,
Her little darlings placed at home again.
Her husband died, as we suppose you know,
And then her children to the House did go."

"She'd been to visit them this afternoon,
And found the youngest of them lying dead!
She told us all she knew she'd follow soon,
And then, her raving filled us all with dread!
We every one to cheer and soothe her tried,
But all at once she shrieked, she gasped, and died!"

My work was here, no farther need I go;
She might have lived, had I been only near;
It seemed to me that God would have me know
Of His displeasure at my cowardly fear.
I there and then became the children's friend,
To work at home and let vain wanderings end.

JAMES SHEPHERD, *Chelmsford.*

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

FRAILTY.—Said a woman, in a woman's rights meeting, "Woman is in every respect the equal of man. Her reputation for heroic bravery"—at that point a mouse ran in sight, and the orator jumped on the table and screamed.

THE POPE IN PURGATORY.—While the faithful all over the world are offering prayers for the Pope's passage through Purgatory to Paradise, some one asks: "What under the sun is the use of one's being the keeper of the keys if he cannot let himself in?"

TO THE CHARITABLE.—At every charity meeting it would be well for somebody to repeat the saying of Horace Greeley: "It is dangerous to teach a poor man an easier way of getting a shilling than by earning it." There are some other things to be taken into the account; but this is never to be left out.

HITTING THE MARK.—A late minister of Peebles had been discoursing on the sin of falsehood, and had pourtrayed the unhallowed consequence of indulging in the practice. A small trader in the place whose conscience had been for the moment aroused, exclaimed to a neighbour on going home, "The minister needna hae been sae hard, for there's plenty o' leers in Peebles besides me!"

TWO HINTS WORTH TAKING.—(1) Never attempt to do anything that is not right. Just so surely as you do, you will get into trouble. Sin always brings sorrow sooner or later. If you even suspect anything is wrong, do it not until you are assured that your suspicions are groundless. (2) When you do attempt anything that is right, go through with it. Be not easily discouraged. Form habits of perseverance. Yield not to sloth and sleep and fickleness. To resist all these will not be easy; but you will feel that you have done right when you get through.—*S. S. Visitor.*

A HEROIC ACT.—At a fire in the convent at Limoges, France, on Nov. 19, 1838, it was suddenly discovered that one of the children of the girls' school there had not been rescued. She was in a distant room, and doubts were expressed of the ability to save her. A young lady said: "I will try," and rushed between the flames on each side of the entrance. She was regarded as lost, but finally appeared with the child in her arms. King Louis Philippe sent her a gold medal, and a young captain in the army, who witnessed her act, married her. The captain is now president of the French republic, and the lady is Mme. MacMahon.

A SEARCH FOR THE TRINITY.—Some one offered £5 to every person who could find the word TRINITY in any part of the Bible. A humble man said he might as well earn £5. He looked the Bible through but found it not. This reminded me after he was done of Johnny who lost his knife; after searching in one pocket and another until he had been through them all, without success, he exclaimed: "Oh, dear! I wish I had another pocket; it might be in that."

SETTING THINGS TO RIGHT.—Père Arrius says that when Bourdaloue preached at Rouen the tradesmen all left their shops, the smiths their forges, and the physicians their sick, and flocked to hear the silver-tongued orator. "But," he adds, "with the most charming *naïveté*, "when I preached there, the following year, I set everything to rights again—every man minded his own business." Not every preacher could expose his own unpopularity in that way, and smile over a defeat.

MAN AND WOMAN.—We have always been on the side of what is called "the rights of women." But the foolish chatter about those rights has often disgusted us and kept us from their meetings. At one of those meetings the following amusing episode is said to have occurred. One lady asked "Who conducted the ten prosecutions of the Christians; *Men! who* sold his birthright for a mess of pottage? A *man! Who* cheated his only brother? A *man!*" Just then a melancholy looking man got up on a seat in the back of the hall, and squeaked out "Who coaxed Adam to do what he hand't oughtter? *Woman!* Who sells our Sunday clothes to pedlars for second-hand crockery ware? *Woman! Who* ruined Samson, and old King David —did man, eh?" But a charge of three hundred petticoats overwhelmed the meek-eyed man, and he was promptly hustled out.

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